

my father lost his life at the Blue Licks, when all Kentucky was in mourning ; my two brothers were kidnapped when they were boys, and never heard of afterwards ; and—and—my mother and sister were burnt up in our house, while all the men were out to catch a horse-thief, by a party of Shawanoes. They barred the doors and windows, and my little sister loaded the gun, which my mother fired as fast as she loaded. They killed two of the varmints ; the others set fire to the house, and—and J—s ! that any white man should pity an Ingen here on “ the dark and bloody ground.”

The hero of the tale appears in the following dialogue, but we quote it, as throwing further light on the character of Bushfield, one of the best drawn in the volume, though evidently a copy from old Col. Boone :—

“ As they rode to the spot which was the object of their visit, the colonel spoke of what was necessary to be done in the first stage of a new settlement, and entered on a variety of details, such as he thought might interest his guest ; but his mind seemed to be wandering to other subjects. Sometimes he did not answer at all, and at others nothing or very little to the purpose.

“ ‘ Stranger,’ said Bushfield, who accompanied them on his way home, he not being a resident in the village of Dangerfieldville, ‘ stranger, you don’t seem on the track of what the colonel says. But I’ll tell you what, a man that comes to settle in these parts must be wide awake, and rip and tear away like a horse in a cane-brake. But somehow you don’t appear to mind what’s said to you, any more than my old horse Shavetail, who lost his hearing at the last general training, they fired at such a rate.’

“ ‘ I believe, indeed, I was guilty of the ill manners of thinking of something else ; I am apt to be absent,’ said Rainsford, with a melancholy smile.

“ ‘ What ! you’re one of the booky fellers that think one thing while they are talking about another. There’s an old varmint at Frankford Academy, as I heard, that one day cut his forefinger to a sharp point instead of a pencil, for want of thinking what he was about.’